

# Canibus Lyrics

## "R U Lyrically Fit?"

(feat. Luminati)

*[Canibus]*

Get ready for the Luminati tsunami

*[Lou]*

C4 *[?]*

Eat meat raw

Street dawgs

Rip these off

And put C's on

Had to ease off

From a show I just peed on

Bought a two-seater that I put 10G's on

Beat her

Cause she took my mother fuckin ring off

She took me to Supreme Court

And the judge got screamed on

They sent me up North

To a prison with a *[?]*

All day long

Lift weights we *[?]*

Meet King-Kong, Big Don, and Little Shawn

Murda One got big arms

He real strong

Beat his own mom 'cause she stole from the weed farm

Word on the streets

Raw

Don't beef with Armstrong

Wrong season

Lou crush anything he breathes on

Pass me the paper and pen

And put beats on

Rip rap songs

*[?]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo!

You mess with my horse

You dead as a corpse

Forget it

Rhymes without ending

With infinite lyrics

Fools you do get abused like broads

In a battle for truth with rhymes and metaphors

When my horse appears

Count your prayers

Stab you in the ear

Then pull out the spear  
Watch the crowd cheer  
Leave the floor wet  
With all the blood stains  
So the audience knows  
The Canibus runs things  
I rip down stages  
On many occasions  
Dozen of broken down mics and melted tape decks  
Everywhere I go niggas wanna rob me  
Bootleggers be in the front row  
Trying to get a clear copy  
So take caution  
Cause I'm a horseman  
And I'll snatch that ass up quick like "turn it off man"  
So just acknowledge  
The way that I'm gifted  
Cause if rap was a felony  
I'd be in prison  
Hogging up the phone  
Cussing at the C.O's  
25 to life  
With no parole  
When battling me  
You must be feeling yourself  
I rip the jacker so hard  
He might kill himself  
Like his name was Todd or James  
Back in the dark days  
It's like a pit bull getting bit by a Shar-Pei  
I defend my horse, my men, my friends  
My baby's momma  
And my offspring  
So bring it on then  
So I can show you how I devour  
Niggas like a rottweiler with acidic saliva  
Step ya shit up  
Nigga  
The rippa's much iller  
Cause when I write rhymes  
I use the mind to pick the pen up  
Most artists are garbage  
No skills  
They belong in a landfill  
Nobody feels it when the grab the mic (let me hear something else)  
And start bragging about their massive ice  
I can't eat MC's 'cause I lost my appetite  
I'm a beast  
You a midget  
With wack lyrics  
Like doctor evil said (quiet, shut up, zip it)  
I rain superior  
My metaphors are scarier

Non-ill rappers  
You better evacuate  
Before I exfoliate your face  
With abrasive phrases  
To give your face a face-lift  
Germane spits insane shit  
So stop hating if you cant applaud me  
And give rap music the glory

*[Lou]*

'C' - True Hollywood Story